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English Oads. 1908

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Bell's English Texts for Secondary Schools

GENERAL EDITOR: A. GUTHKELCH

ENGLISH ODES

EDITED BY

E. A. J. MARSH



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ENGLISH ODES

TO HIMSELF.

COME, leave the loath'd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day,
 Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
 And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste;
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink and swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,
 Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
 Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,
 May keep up the Play-club;
There, sweepings do as well
 As the best-ordered meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then ;
 Brave plush and velvet men,
 Can feed on orts ; and, safe in your stage-clothes,
 Dare quit, upon your oaths,
 The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,
 Of larding your large ears
 With their foul comic socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks ;
 Which if they are torn, and turned, and patched enough
 The gamesters share your gilt, and you their stuft.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take the Alcaic lute ;
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre ;
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire ;
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
 Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout, to their defeat,
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy King,
 His zeal to God and his just awe o'er men ;
 They may, blood-shaken then,
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
 As they shall cry ' Like ours,
 In sound of peace or wars,
 No harp e'er hit the stars,
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign ;
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain.'

BEN JONSON.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 3

For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

IV.

See how from far, upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;

Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathise ;
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around ;
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began ;

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 5

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild océan,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—

Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
 The helmèd Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire
 With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 7

And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep;

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbroke;

The agèd earth aghast
With terror of that blast

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon underground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale

The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY 9

In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

xxii.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maid's their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

xxiii.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

xxiv.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

xxv.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky cyn;

Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,

Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss ;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When everything that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
 Time.

JOHN MILTON.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse !
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbèd song of pure concsent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastinglly :
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason, while they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To His celestial consort us unite
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

JOHN MILTON.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODES IV. II.

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari, etc.

PINDAR is imitable by none;
 The Phœnix Pindar is a vast species alone.
 Whoe'er but Daedalus with waxen wings could fly
 And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?
 What could he who followed claim,
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name?
 Pindar's unnavigable song
 Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain pours,
 along,
 The ocean meets with such a voice
 From his enlargèd mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
 Which in no channel deigns to abide
 Which neither banks nor dikes control
 Whether the immortal gods he sings
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign.
 Each rich embroidered line,
 Which their triumphant brows around
 By his sacred hand is bound,
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
 To carve in polished verse the conquerors' images,
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
 Be crownèd in his nimble, artful, vigorous song :

Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
 In words worth dying for he celebrate,
 Such mournful and such pleasing words,
 As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords :
 He bids him live and grow in fame,
 Among the stars he sticks his name :
 The grave can but the dross of him devour,
 So small is death's, so great the poet's power.

Lo, how the obsequious wind, and swelling air
 The Theban swan does upwards bear
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way.
 Whilst, alas, my timorous muse
 Unambitious tracks pursues ;
 Does with weak, unballast wings,
 About the mossy brooks and springs,
 About the trees' new-blossomed heads,
 About the gardens' painted beds,
 About the fields and flowery meads,
 And all inferior beauteous things
 Like the laborious bee
 For little drops of honey flee,
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO MR. HOBBES.

VAST bodies of philosophy
 I oft have seen and read,
 But all are bodies dead
 Or bodies by art fashioned ;
 I never yet the living soul could see,
 But in thy books and thee.
 'Tis only God can know
 Whether the fair Idea thou dost show
 Agree entirely with His own or no.
 This I dare boldly tell,
 'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well.
 Just as in Nature thy proportions be,

As full of concord their variety,
 As firm the parts upon the centre rest,
 And all so solid are that they at least
 As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
 The universal intellectual reign,
 Saw his own country's short-lived leopard slain ;
 The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
 Oftener renewed his age, and saw that die.
 Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet possessed
 And chased by a wild deluge from the East,
 His monarchy new planted in the West.
 But as in time each great imperial race
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place :

So did this noble empire waste
 Sunk by degrees from glories past,
 And in the School-men's hands it perished quite at last.
 Then nought but words it grew,
 And those all barbarous too.
 It perished and it vanished there,
 The life and soul breathed out, became but empty air.

The fields which answered well the ancients' plough,
 Spent and out-worn return no harvest now,
 In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
 And boast of past fertility,
 The poor relief of present poverty.
 Food and fruit we now must want
 Unless new lands we plant.
 We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands ;
 Old rubbish we remove ;
 To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love
 And with fond divining wands
 We search among the dead
 For treasures buried,
 Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
 So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
 And slender-limbèd Mediterrean,

Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit.
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,

And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries,

Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies.

Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learned America is

Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry,

But thy eloquence and wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilised it.

I little thought before,

(Nor being my own self so poor

Could comprehend so vast a store,)

That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence

Could have afforded half enough

Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff

To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven

To the Trojan hero given,

Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,

And wonders on it graved by the learned hand of
Art,

A shield that gives delight

Even to the enemies' sight,

Then when they're sure to lose the combat by't.

Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,

Quench or allay the noble fires within,
But all which thou hast bin,

And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet;

So fully still dost thou

Enjoy the manhood, and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.

So contraries on Etna's top conspire,
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.

A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
 The emboldened snow next to the flame does sleep.
 And if we weigh, like thee,
 Nature, and causes, we shall see
 That thus it needs must be,
 To things immortal Time can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

A SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY,
 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 ‘ Arise, ye more than dead ! ’
 Then Cold, and Hot, and Moist, and Dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music’s power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 The trumpet’s loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'
 The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees uprooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared—
 Mistaking earth for heaven!

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
 (So should desert in arms be crowned;)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love,)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;

Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
'A present deity'! they shout around:
'A present deity'! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;

The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes;
Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate

And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

'War,' he sung, 'is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble,

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.'
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length with love and wine at once oppressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length with love and wine at once oppressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head :
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed, he stares around.
 ' Revenge, revenge,' Timotheus cries,
 'See the Furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew,
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.'
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assigned
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic woe,
 When first Distress with dagger keen
 Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
 His wild unsated foe;

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
 By all the griefs his thought could frame,
 Receive my humble rite;
 Long, Pity, let the nations view
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old Ilissus' distant side,
 Deserted stream and mute?
 Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
 And Echo 'midst my native plains
 Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
 On gentlest Otway's infant head,
 To him thy cell was shown;
 And while he sung the female heart
 With youth's soft notes unspoiled by art,
 Thy turtles mixed their own.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid
 E'en now my thoughts, relenting Maid,

Thy temple's pride design;
 Its southern site, its truth complete,
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
 In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toils shall well relate
 How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
 O'er mortal bliss prevail;
 The buskined Muse shall near her stand,
 And sighing, prompt her tender hand
 With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft retired by day
 In dreams of passion melt away,
 Allowed with thee to dwell;
 There waste the mournful lamp of night
 Till, Virgin, thou again delight
 To hear a British shell.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
 To breathe her genuine thought
 In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong,
 Who first on mountains wild
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song;

Thou who with hermit heart
 Disdain'st the wealth of art
 And gauds and pageant weeds and trailing pall,
 But com'st a decent maid
 In Attic robe arrayed,
 O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call.

By all the honeyed store
 On Hybla's thymy shore,
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
 By her whose lovelorn woe
 In evening musings slow
 Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear;

By old Cephisus deep
 Who spread his wavy sweep
 In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
 On whose enamelled side
 When holy Freedom died
 No equal haunt allured thy future feet;

O Sister meek of Truth,
 To my admiring youth
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse,
 The flowers that sweetest breathe
 Though Beauty culled the wreath
 Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You loved her hills and led her laureate band;
 But stayed to sing alone
 To one distinguished throne,
 And turned thy face and fled her altered land.

No more in hall or bower
 The Passions own thy power,
 Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean;
 For thou hast left her shrine;
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm our eye,
 Thou, only Thou, canst raise the meeting soul.

Of these let others ask
 To aid some mighty task,
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

WILLIAM COLLINS,

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, Maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;

As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve ;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound,
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung:—but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
 And with a withering look
 The war-denouncing trumpet took
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state.
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized the beechen
 spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended Maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime.

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page;
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Ev'n all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosomed Hours
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring ;
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose ;

Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring
 And float amid the liquid noon ;
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man,
 And they that creep, and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours dressed ;
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply ;
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display,
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared,
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream;
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
 A whisker first, and then a claw
 With many an ardent wish
 She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize—
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretched, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between;
 Malignant Fate sat by and smiled;
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mewed to every watery god
 Some speedy aid to send;
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,
 A favourite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold;
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters, gold.

THOMAS GRAY.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way;

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
 Ah fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain.
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty,
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign

And unknown regions dare descry ;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast ;
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day ;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train ;
Ah shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band ;
Ah, tell them they are men.

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen ;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings ; all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise ;
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
 The laughing flowers that round them blow
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of Music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
 Now rolling down the steep amain
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare ;
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay ;
 With arms sublime that float upon the air
 In gliding state she wins her easy way ;
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race with ills await !
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate.
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
 He gives to range the dreary sky
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
 war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown the Aegean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves
 Or where Maeander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish.
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound ;

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion, next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face; the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year;
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy;
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy
 The secrets of the abyss to spy;
 He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
 pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah ! 'tis heard no more.
 O ! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ! Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate ;
 Beneath the Good how far, but far above the Great.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.'
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array ;
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 'To arms ! ' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the poet stood ;

(Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;)
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 ' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, O King, their hundred arms they wave.
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main ;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed ;
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale ;
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famished eagle screams and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
 No more I weep ; they do not sleep ;
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land ;
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

' Weave the warp and weave the woof
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race :
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year and mark the night
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king.
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies ;
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the Morn and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the Vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare ;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread ;
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

' Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof ; the thread is spun ;)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove ; the work is done ;)
 Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn ;
 In yon bright track that fires the western skies
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But O ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail ;
 All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear.
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ?
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love
 And Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed.
 In buskinéd measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice as of the cherub-choir
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me; with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :
 Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;
 To triumph and to die are mine.'
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.
THOMAS GRAY.

FRANCE.

AN ODE.

I.

YE Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
 Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws !
 Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind !
 Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,

By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
 O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
 And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
 Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free !
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth and
 sea,
 Stamped her strong foot and said she would be
 free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :
 And when towhelm the disenchanted nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array ;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
 Had swoln the patriot emotion,
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !
 For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;
 But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

“ And what,” I said, “ though Blasphemy’s loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove ?
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac’s dream ?
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,

The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light ! ”
 And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;
 When France her front, deep-scarred and gory,
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;
 When, insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior’s ramp ;
 While, timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;
 Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;
 “ And soon,” I said, “ shall Wisdom teach her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own.”

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia’s icy caverns sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !
 To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;
 And with in expiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,
 Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind ?
 To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoil
 From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray.

v.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the
 waves !
 And there I felt thee !—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge !
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DEJECTION.

AN ODE.

‘ Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
 With the old moon in her arms ;
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
 We shall have a deadly storm.’

Ballad of SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

WELL ! if the bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Aeolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo ! the new moon, winter-bright !
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread !)
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh ! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast !
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they
awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live !

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear,—
O Lady ! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
And still I gaze,—and with how blank an eye !
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars ;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are !

III.

My genial spirits fail ;
And what can these avail,
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?

It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are
 within.

IV.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth ;
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady ! joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,—
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ;
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud ;—
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth :
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,

But oh ! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can ;

And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man ;—

This was my sole resource, my only plan :
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream !

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,

Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that ravest without,

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !

What tell'st thou now about ?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,

With groans of trampled men, with smarting
wounds :—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the
cold !
But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings,—all is over !
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay ;—
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother
hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !
Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth ;
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth !
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes ;
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice :
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,—
Their life the eddying of her living soul !
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ODE.

ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

‘The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.’

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd-boy !

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make ; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

O evil day ! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning

This sweet May morning,

And the children are pulling

On every side

In a thousand valleys far and wide

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm.

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !

—But there's a tree, of many, one,

A single field which I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting

And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home ;

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised ;
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither—
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We, in thought, will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts today
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway ;
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth

Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not ;
 O ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
 cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name ;
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain,
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
 And purple-stainèd mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs :
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep?
 JOHN KEATS.

ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

 Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearièd,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty",—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
 Even into thine own soft-conch'd ear:
 Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
 The wing'd Psyche with awakened eyes?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures couch'd side by side
 In deepest grass beneath the whispering roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied.
 Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
 They lay calm-sleeping on the bedded grass;

Their arms embracèd and their pinions too;
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjoinèd by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of Aurorean love :
 The wingèd boy I knew ;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove ?
 His Psyche true !

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !
 Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heaped with flowers ;
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours ;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming ;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.
 O brightest ! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest-boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;
 Yet even in these days so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
 Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
 I see, and sing by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours !
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swingèd censer teeming ;
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.
 Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant
 pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind :

Far, far around shall these dark-clustered trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep ;
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep ;
 And in the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
 With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
 With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
 Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same :
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win,
 A bright torch, and a casement ope at night
 To let the warm Love in !

JOHN KEATS.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft

 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

ON MELANCHOLY.

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
 tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

JOHN KEATS.

TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O, Thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
 flowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not—

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower—

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
 view—
 Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
 thieves.
 Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine :
 Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?
 With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be—
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound—
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found—
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO LIBERTY.

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,
 Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.

BYRON.

I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again :
 The lightning of the nations, Liberty,
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,

Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
 And, in the rapid plumes of song,
 Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
 As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;
 Till from its station in the heaven of fame
 The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame
 Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
 A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

II.

The sun and the serenest moon sprang forth:
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
 Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
 That island in the ocean of the world,
 Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air:
 But this divinest universe
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,
 For thou wert not: but power from worst producing
 worse,
 The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
 And there was war among them, and despair
 Within them, raging without truce or terms:
 The bosom of their violated nurse
 Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on
 worms,
 And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
 His generations under the pavilion
 Of the sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
 Were as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
 This human living multitude
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
 For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,

Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves
 Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide
 Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
 Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
 Of favouring heaven: from their enchanted caves
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
 On the unapprehensive wild
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
 Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone; and, yet a speechless child,
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
 Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the *Æ*gean main

V.

Athens arose: a city such as vision
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
 Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
 Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
 Its portals are inhabited
 By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
 Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
 A divine work! Athens diviner yet
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
 Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
 In marble immortality, that hill
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
 Immovably unquiet, and for ever
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away !
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
 With an earth-awakening blast
 Through the caverns of the past ;
 Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :
 A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
 Which soars where Expectation never flew,
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder !
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew ;
 One sun illumines heaven ; one spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy*delight renew.

VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
 She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
 From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd ;
 And many a deed of terrible uprightness
 By thy sweet love was sanctified ;
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,
 Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
 And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
 The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone
 Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
 Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
 Or utmost islet inaccessible,
 Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
 Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,

And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
 To talk in echoes sad and stern,
 Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn?
 For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
 Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
 What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks
 Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep
 When from its sea of death to kill and burn,
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
 Arose in sacred Italy,
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
 Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned
 majesty;
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
 Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
 Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
 With divine wand traced on our earthly home
 Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
 Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wing'd Error,
 As light may pierce the clouds when they disperse
 In the calm regions of the orient day!
 Luther caught thy wakening glance
 Like lightning, from his leaden lance
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
 And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,

In songs whose music cannot pass away,
 Though it must flow for ever : not unseen
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance
 Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
 Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
 As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
 Darkening each other with their multitude,
 And cried aloud, Liberty ! Indignation
 Answered Pity from her cave ;
 Death grew pale within the grave,
 And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save !
 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
 Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII.

Thou heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee then,
 In ominous eclipse ? a thousand years
 Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;
 How like Bacchanals of blood
 Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
 Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood !
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
 The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers
 Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,
 Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred
 bowers
 Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
 Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
 Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral
 towers.

XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?

Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens *Ætna*, and the cold

Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder :
O'er the lit waves every *Æolian* isle

From *Pithecura* to *Pelorus*

Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :
They cry, Be dim ; ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er
us.

Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.

Twins of a single destiny ! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us,
In the dim West ; impress as from a seal,
All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare
conceal.

XIV.

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head ;

Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.

Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine

And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !
Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

XV.

O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of King into the dust ! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air

Erases, and the flat sands close behind !
 Ye the oracle have heard :
 Lift the victory-flashing sword,
 And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
 Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
 Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
 The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;
 The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
 Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred ;
 Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
 To set thine arm'd heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI.

O, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
 Such lamps within the dome of this dim world, .
 That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
 Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
 A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure ;
 Till human thoughts might kneel alone
 Each before the judgment-throne
 Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown !
 O, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
 From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering
 dew
 From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
 Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue
 And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
 Till in the nakedness of false and true
 They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

XVII.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
 Can be between the cradle and the grave
 Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour !
 If on his own high will, a willing slave,
 He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
 What if earth can clothe and feed
 Amplest millions at their need,
 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed ?
 O, what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
 Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,

Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
 And cries : Give me, thy child, dominion
 Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and
 groan
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousand fold for one.

XVIII.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
 Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
 Comes she not, and come ye not,
 Rulers of eternal thought,
 To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
 Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
 O, Liberty! if such could be thy name
 Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee :
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
 Wept tears, and blood like tears? The solemn
 harmony.

XIX.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
 Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light
 On the heavy sounding plain,
 When the bolt has pierced its brain;
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;
 As a far taper fades with fading night,
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
 Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain.
 As waves which lately paved his watery way
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous
 play.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past.
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest, yet with least pretence;
 Great in council and great in war,

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled ;
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-tempered frame.
 O civic Muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea;
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gained a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clashed with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his laboured rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.

Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away,
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine,
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land.
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim

At civic revel and pomp and game.
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see :
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung :
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere.
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane :
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And victor he must ever be.
 For though the giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ?

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own .
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOTES.

TO HIMSELF.

In 1629 Jonson's play *The New Inn* was completely damned, not even being heard to its conclusion. The words 'The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play by some malicious spectators begat the following ode' preface this poem in the original edition.

p. 1. **commission of the brain**: hypercritical search for faults, (commission = inquiry).

p. 2. **orts**: refuse scraps, leavings. Cf. Shakespeare, *Lucrece*, 985, 'Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave.'

comic socks: the soccus or low-heeled shoe was worn by Greek and Roman comic actors; the kothurnos, a raised boot or buskin, was worn by tragic actors; hence 'comic socks' means comedy, and 'buskined muse' the muse of tragedy.

palsy: in 1625 Ben Jonson was struck with paralysis in his lower limbs.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

The poem was begun on Christmas morning, 1629; Milton refers to it in the *Sixth Latin Elegy*, ll. 79 sqq.

p. 3. **hallowed fire**: cf. Isaiah, vi. 6, 7.

p. 5. **whist**: stilled. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, i. ii. 379.

birds of calm: halcyons, birds fabled to breed about the winter solstice in a nest floating on the sea, which they charmed to stillness.

the mighty Pan: Christ; Pan was the god of shepherds.

kindly: after their own kind, *i.e.* as a man.

silly: simple, innocent.

p. 6. **Cynthia**: the moon; Diana was born on Mount Cynthus in Delos.

unexpressive: inexpressible. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 176, 'the unexpressive nuptial song.'

sons of morning: cf. Job, xxxviii. 4-11.

weltering: rolling to and fro. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 13, 'welter to the parching wind.'

Ring out: 'An instance of Milton's fondness for the Pythagorean fancy of the music of the spheres, *i.e.* a music produced by the wheeling of the orbs that were supposed, in the old Astronomy, to constitute the Mundane Universe. In the completely developed Ptolemaic system there were ten spheres: for the present purpose Milton is content with nine.' [Masson.] Milton had delivered an academic oration at Cambridge on the harmony of the spheres.

p. 7. **consort**: Lat. *consortium*, a share with, companionship. Cf. Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 27.

Mount Sinai: cf. Exodus, xix. 16.

p. 8. **oracles**: though on the wane, oracles were given to the end of the fourth century A.D.

Delphos: cf. Gray, *The Progress of Poetry*, 66.

parting genius: Thamus, an Egyptian pilot on his way to Italy, was ordered by a voice coming to the ship from the Isle of Paxus to announce at Pelodes 'The great Pan is dead.' He did so, and 'hardly had he finished speaking before there was a great cry, not of one, but of many voices, blended in a marvellous manner.' [Plutarch, *On the Cessation of Oracles*, xvii.] This was in the reign of Tiberius.

Lars or **Lares**: household gods. **Lemures**: ghosts.

p. 9. **Flamens**: priests.

sweat: a portent not uncommon in ancient times; for others, *v.* Vergil, *Georgics*, i. 480 sqq; *Lucan*, i. 522 sqq.

Peor and Baalim: for these and most of the other deities, *v.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 381-489.

Lybic Hammon: Zeus Ammon, the famous Lybian oracle who delivered a favourable reply to Alexander the Great, is represented as having a ram's horns and ears.

Osiris and **Isis** were the Egyptian sun and moon gods; **Orus** was their son; **Typhon**, a winged giant with double serpent-tail, slew Osiris by craft and scattered his body in fourteen pieces; Isis collected them and placed them in a chest. Osiris became incarnate in the black bull **Apis**, and was then known as **Serapis**.

p. 10. **in His swaddling bands**: Milton here alludes to the story of the infant Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpents.

Troop to the infernal jail: cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 378.

youngest-teemed star: the star of Bethlehem.

ON TIME.

'The copy in the Cambridge volume bears the title "On Time: to be set on a Clock-case"; and in the beginning of the piece itself, the poet seems to be thinking of the mechanism of a clock.' [Masson.]

p. 11. **individual**: indivisible. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 486.
[Masson.]

quit: having been quitted.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Sphere-born: cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 125.

sapphire-coloured throne: cf. Ezekiel, i. 26.

diapason: complete concord; literally, the concord through, or at the interval of all the notes of the scale.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

p. 12. **Daedalus**: the mythical Athenian artist who built the Labyrinth in Crete; he and his son Icarus escaped thence by the aid of wings; Icarus, however, flew too near the sun, the wax fastenings melted, and he was drowned in the sea thereafter called Icarian.

Pisa: a town close to Olympia, where the games were held every four years.

p. 13. **Theban swan**: 'From the fabulous, but universally received tradition of swans singing most sweetly before their death (though the truth is, geese and they are alike melodious), the poets have assumed to themselves the title of swans. Horace . . . would be believed to be metamorphosed into one. . . . The Anthology gives the same name to Pindar: "Sweet-tongued Pindar, the Heliconian swan of Thebes." So Vergil is called Mantuanus olor, the swan of Mantua.' [Cowley.]

garden's painted beds: Cowley received lands at Chertsey on the Thames for his royalist services, and wrote a Latin poem in six books on Plants.

TO MR. HOBES.

Hobbes, 1588-1679, the philosopher, author of *The Leviathan* (published 1651), and translator of *Thucydides*, was in France 1640-1651; Cowley came to France in 1646, and possibly met him at the exiled Stuart Court.

p. 14. **Stagira** in Macedonia was the birth-place of Aristotle.

leopard: 'The Grecian empire, in the visions of Daniel, is represented by a leopard with four wings upon his back and four heads. Chap. vii. 6.' [Cowley.]

Mecca: the birth-place of Mahomet. 'Aristotle's philosophy was in great esteem among the Arabians or Saracens; witness those many excellent works upon him or according to his principles, written by Averroes, Avicenna, Avempace and divers others. **In spite of Mahomet**: because his law, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those peoples he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at greatness

of empire by the sword, forbids all studies of learning ; which nevertheless flourished admirably under the Saracen monarchy.' [Cowley.] The Moors carried Aristotle's works into Spain with them, and through them he became known to Western Europe.

School-men: mediaeval scholars, such as Abelard and Aquinas, who attempted to reconcile Aristotle and the Christian faith ; their over-subtle reasoning brought them and Aristotle into discredit.

p. 15. **shield**: 'See the excellent description of the shield, made by Vulcan at the request of Venus, for her son *Aeneas* at the end of *Vergil*, book viii. . . . whereon was graven all Roman history.' [Cowley.]

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

This ode 'was set to music by Draghi, an Italian composer. St. Cecilia was, according to the legend, a Roman virgin of rank, who embraced Christianity in the reign of Antoninus, and whose virtue and devoutness obtained for her the honour of visits from an angel. She is said to have invented the organ, and she was canonized as the guardian saint of music. A musical society was formed in London for the celebration of St. Cecilia's day in the year 1683. From that time a festival was annually held on the 22nd of November, in Stationers' Hall, and an ode composed for the occasion was sung.' [Christie.]

p. 16. **Cold and Hot, and Moist, and Dry**: cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 898.

diapason: here, the whole range of notes in the scale [N.E.D.], and *v.* note on Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 23.

Jubal: cf. Genesis, iv. 21.

p. 17. **double double double beat**: for the repetition, cf. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 77.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

The story goes that at a feast in Persepolis, 330 B.C., Thais, an Athenian, suggested the burning of the palace of Xerxes in revenge for the Grecian temples that Xerxes himself had burnt.

p. 18. **Timotheus**: 'A musician of Boeotia, a favourite of Alexander the Great ; not the great musician, Timotheus, who died before Alexander was born : unless Dryden has confused the two.' [Christie.]

p. 19. **to shake the spheres**: cf. Vergil, *Aeneid*, ix. 106.

p. 20. **Darius**: murdered in 330 B.C. by Bessus and others during their flight before Alexander. Plutarch relates that a Macedonian soldier found the dying monarch in time to give him water and to hear him express his thanks to Alexander for his courteous conduct towards his captured wife and children.

Lydian measures: the Greeks had five chief styles in music, known by national or tribal names ; the Lydian style or mode was suitable for tender subjects.

TO PITY.

p. 23. **Pella's bard**: 'Euripides, of whom Aristotle pronounces on a comparison of him with Sophocles, that he was the greater master of the tender passions.' [Collins.]

Ilissus: a river flowing by Athens.

Arun: 'The river Arun runs by the village (of Trotton) in Sussex, where Otway had his birth.' [Collins.] Otway is noted for his pathos, best seen in the two plays *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. Collins was born at Chichester.

p. 24. **buskinéd muse**: v. note on Ben Jonson, *To Himself*, 37.
prompt her tender hand: stretch out her hand with a gesture of pity.

British shell: i.e. British poet. Mercury fashioned the first lyre from a tortoise-shell and then gave it to Apollo in exchange for the oxen he had stolen from that god.

TO SIMPLICITY.

decent: modest, comely. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 644, 'he (Satan disguised) held before his decent steps a silver wand.'

Attic robe: the simple chiton, or long sleeveless shirt reaching to the ankles.

Hybla: a town and mountain in Sicily famed for its bees.

her whose love-lorn woe: 'The nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.' [Collins.]

sad Electra's poet: Milton uses the same words of Euripides, *Sonnet VIII.* **Electra**: sister of Orestes, who was pursued by Furies for slaying his mother Clytemnestra in requital of her murder of her husband Agamemnon: the latter had offered up her daughter Iphigeneia as a sacrifice on behalf of the wind-bound ships at Aulis.

p. 25. **Cephisus**: a river of Attica.

one distinguished throne: that of Augustus.

Love, only Love..., i.e. Roman poetry became nerveless and sang only of Love, e.g. Ovid.

TO EVENING.

Milton's translation of Horace, *Odes*, i. 5, is probably the first unrimed ode in English: this of Collins is the best known. J. Warton, a friend of Collins, published *Odes on Various Subjects*—containing two unrimed odes, one an imitation of Horace in the same metre as the ode *To Evening*—in the same year that Collins' book appeared.

p. 26. **brede**: anything broidered or interwoven; connected with 'braid.'

p. 27. **folding-star**: the star that rises about the time the sheep are driven to the fold.

THE PASSIONS.

p. 28. **expressive power**: power of expression.

p. 29. **doubling drum**: cf. Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, 29.

p. 30. **the oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen**: Diana and her nymphs.

Tempe's vale: the vale of the Peneios in Thessaly and a haunt of the Muses.

energetic: vigorous, forcible. Cf. J. Ellis, *Caesar in Egypt*, 32, Caesar, astute, energetic, pressed the war.' [N.E.D.]

p. 31. **Cecilia**: v. note, Dryden, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

ON THE SPRING.

Attic warbler: v. note on Collins, *To Simplicity*, 16.

p. 32. **liquid noon**: 'nare per aestatem liquidam (to float through the liquid summer-air), Vergil, *Georgics*, iv. 59' [Gray.]

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

The China bowl into which the cat fell was the property of Mr. Horace Walpole, an old school-friend of Gray's; after the poet's death the first few lines of this ode were inscribed upon it.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

p. 34. **Henry**: Eton College was founded by Henry VI.

my careless childhood: Gray left Eton for Cambridge in 1734, at the age of 18.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

p. 36. **Aeolian**: 'Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments . . . Aeolian song.' [Gray.]

Helicon: a mountain in Boeotia and a haunt of the Muses.

p. 37. **Ceres' golden reign**: Ceres was the goddess of agriculture and, in particular, of corn-growing.

enchanting shell: v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 42.

Thracian's hills: the Thracians were notorious for fighting.

Idalia: Mount Idalia in Cyprus.

Cytherea: Venus, so-called because the island of Cythera was specially hers.

p. 38. **Her spectres wan**: cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 232.

Hyperion: a Titan, father of the sun. Gray quotes

'Or seen the morning's well-appointed star

Come marching up the eastern hills asar. Cowley.'

Delphi: a town lying under Mt. Parnassus (a haunt of the Muses) in Phocis: Apollo had a famous temple there. Cf. Milton, *On the Nativity*, 178.

Ilissus: v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 14.

Maeander: a river forming the southern boundary of Lydia, proverbial for its winding course; its tributary, the Marsyas, was the scene of the musical contest between Marsyas and Apollo.

p. 39. **Latian plains**: Italy. Latium was that part of Italy in which Rome was situated.

the flaming bounds: 'Flammantia moenia mundi (the flaming walls of the world), Lucretius, i. 74.' [Gray.]

the sapphire-blaze: 'Ezekiel, i. 20, 26, 28.' [Gray.] Cf. Milton, *At a Solemn Music*, 7.

in thunder clothed: '“Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?” Job (xxxix. 19, but v. R.V.). This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.' [Gray.]

p. 40. **the Theban eagle**: 'Pindar compares himself to that bird and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.' [Gray.]

THE BARD.

'This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.' [Gray.]

p. 41. **Hoel**: a Welsh prince and bard; **Llewellyn** is elsewhere called a 'tender-hearted' and 'mild' prince; of **Cadwallo** and **Urien** no remains exist; **Modred** or Merlyn was a pupil of Taliessin, the chief of the bards, who lived in the sixth century.

Arvon's shore: 'The shores of Carnarvonshire opposite the isle of Anglesey.' [Gray.]

p. 42. **She-wolf of France**: cf. Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part III. I. iv. III.

London's lasting shame: 'Henry the Sixth, George D. of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard D. of York, etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar.' [Gray.]

p. 43. **the bristled boar**: 'The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.' [Gray.]

Half of thy heart: 'Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof of her affection for her lord is well-known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham and other places.' [Gray.]

Her lion-port: 'Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialianski, ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator, no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'" [Gray.]

p. 44. **buskined measures:** v. note on Ben Jonson, *To Himself*, 37.

distant warblings: 'The succession of poets after Milton's time.' [Gray.]

FRANCE.

This ode first appeared in the *Morning Post*, April 1798, under the title, 'The Recantation.' Coleridge, like Southey and Wordsworth, had hailed the French Revolution with delight, but his enthusiasm quickly grew cold.

p. 45. **The monarchs:** Austrians, Germans, Spaniards, Swiss, arranged in 1791 to march against French territory; in 1793 war was declared by France against England. Cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, x. 264.

Blasphemy: Christianity was totally discredited; all Church property confiscated; Sundays abolished; atheism openly avowed; and statues set up to Wisdom, whose high-priest Robespierre proclaimed himself to be. Cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, x. 341.

p. 46. **insupportably:** irresistibly.

Domestic treason: the revolt of La Vendée.

bleak Helvetia: cf. Wordsworth, *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, Part I. xii. In 1798 two French armies entered Switzerland; after fierce fighting Berne was entered and its treasury pillaged; insurrections were put down with severity and Geneva was annexed to France.

DEJECTION.

'First printed in the *Morning Post* of October 4th, 1802, Wordsworth's wedding day. In this edition, the 'Lady' of the poem as now printed was 'Edmund,' a poetical name for Wordsworth, who had been directly addressed as 'William' in the original manuscript. When the ode was reprinted in *Sibylline Leaves* painful misunderstandings had impaired, though they had not destroyed, the friendship of the poets, and Coleridge could no longer think or speak as he had done. The alteration of the real 'Edmund' into an imaginary 'Lady,' with the numerous changes of text that it has enforced, has greatly prejudiced his poem. The con-

cluding stanza in particular, most appropriate as first written, now appears overstrained and almost nonsensical.' [Garnett.]

p. 47. **the bard's name is unknown** and Coleridge has misquoted the stanza.

Sir Patrick Spence was sent to fetch Margaret, the Maid of Norway, from that country to Scotland, but was shipwrecked and drowned at Aberdour in a winter's storm.

p. 48. **Aeolian lute**: a stringed instrument producing musical sounds when exposed to a current of air. Aeolus was the god of the winds.

the old moon in her lap: cf. Wordsworth, *Miscellaneous Poems*, xi. :

'Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
The moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her predecessor's ghost.'

yellow green: 'Trelawny says Byron ridiculed this passage; but some years after the composition of this poem, Coleridge noted at Bristol: "Blue sky through the glimmering interspaces of the dark elms at twilight rendered a lovely deep yellow green—all the rest a delicate blue,'" [Garnett.]

p. 50. **now afflictions bow me**: Coleridge was subject to rheumatism and neuralgia; he relieved his pains by taking laudanum, and this habit became fixed about 1803: his prospects, too, were very uncertain at that time.

tairn: 'Tairn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.' [Coleridge.]

p. 51. **Otway's**: 'originally Edmund's.' [Garnett.] v. note on Collins, *To Pity*, 20.

ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

First published 1807. The quotation is from *Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*, i.

p. 53. **Not in entire forgetfulness**: Wordsworth here alludes to the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence; namely, that certain ideas have been ours in a previous state of existence, and that we are reminded of them subsequently by experience.

p. 55. **'humorous stage'**: cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II. vii. 139.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

This ode was written after listening to a nightingale which had built his nest close to the house at Hampstead, where Keats was staying.

p. 60. **Lethe**: the river of oblivion in the realm of Hades.

Provence: the home of the Troubadours.

Hippocrene: the fountain on Mt. Helicon formed by a blow of Pegasus' hoof.

TO A GRECIAN URN.

p. 62. **Tempe**: v. note on Collins, *The Passions*, 86. **Arcady**: the home of Pan.

brede: v. note on Collins, *To Evening*, 7.

TO PSYCHE.

Keats writes: 'The following poem . . . is the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains. . . . You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion; I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected.' The chief work of Apuleius (born about 130 A.D.) is *The Golden Ass*; in it occurs the tale of Cupid and Psyche.

p. 64. **Phoebe**: the moon.

thy lucent fans: i.e. vans or wings. Cf. Tennyson, *Love and Death*, 8: 'Love . . . spread his sheeny vans for flight.'

the faint Olympians: the almost forgotten gods of Greece and Rome, dwelling on Mt. Olympus.

TO AUTUMN.

p. 66. **While barred clouds**: i.e. while bars of clouds, catching the sun's last rays, give a rosy tint to the gently-passing day.

ON MELANCHOLY.

Lethe: v. note on Keats, *To a Nightingale*, 4.

Proserpine: wife of Pluto, god of the lower world.

death-moth: i.e. the Death's Head moth, the only moth or butterfly that utters a cry.

TO THE WEST WIND.

'This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

'The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.' [Shelley.]

TO LIBERTY.

p. 72. In **Spain** the army rose and forced Ferdinand VII. to accept the constitution of 1812. French troops, however, restored despotism in 1823, as Austrian troops did at Naples, which, excited by the secret societies (Carbonari), had demanded and obtained from Ferdinand IV. a similar constitution to the Spanish.

p. 75. **saintly Camillus**: Camillus was banished from Rome, but was elected dictator by the people in his absence, when that city was besieged by Brennus and the Gauls: thereupon he forgave the people, returned, and saved Rome.

firm Atilius (Regulus) was captured by the Carthaginians and was sent by them to Rome to negotiate an exchange of prisoners; thinking such an exchange disadvantageous to Rome he dissuaded the senate from it and, proof against the entreaties of his friends, returned to Carthage to his death. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. v. 13.

Palatinus: one of the seven hills of Rome, and the residence of the Emperor Augustus and his successors.

Echoes of Ionian song: *i.e.* imitation of Greek poetry by the Roman poets of the early empire.

p. 76. **the Galilean serpent**: Christianity.

warrior-peopled citadel: alluding to the rise of republics in Italy.

Luther's leaden lance: possibly refers to Luther's conduct in the peasant's struggles against the cruelty of the feudal aristocracy; he spoke for them at first in his address to their lords, and ended by writing a pamphlet exhorting the nobles to put them down with a severe hand.

p. 78. **Pithecura**: the modern Ischia. **Pelorus**: now called C. Faro.

appeal to the eternal years ...: Mr. Buxton Forman's interpretation of these lines is that the two nations, England and Spain, are to rise and appeal to the future of republican America to impress on them,

as from a seal, all that had been and should be thought and done by republicanism in America.

Arminius: the German chieftain who annihilated Varus and his three legions, 9 A.D.

p. 79. **The axes and the rods**: the Roman symbols of authority.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington died in 1852 at Walmer Castle ; he lay in state at the Chelsea Royal Military Hospital for three days.

p. 81. **Warriors carry the warrior's pall**: four generals and four lieutenant-generals acted as pall-bearers.

chief state-oracle: Wellington's political life was on the whole unsuccessful ; but his plain common-sense and sturdy honesty were recognized by all. In him the Queen deplored 'a firm supporter of her throne ; a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor ; and a valued and honoured friend.'

p. 82. **Bright let it be**: the names of Wellington's victories are inscribed in gold on his car, which is made of the metal of the guns he captured from the French.

the sorrowing anthem: the music at St. Paul's included the 'Nunc Dimittis' of Beethoven ; a Dirge by Mr. Goss, the organist ; the 'Dead March' in Saul ; an anthem from Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' ; and other music by Croft and Purcell. When the service was ended, the Tower guns began to boom.

p. 83. **in dispraise**: in 1830 Wellington was hooted in the streets on account of his opposition to Parliamentary reform, and Apsley House was stoned by the mob.

Nor ever lost an English gun: 'He did, however, lose two guns at Maya in 1813, "the only guns that have ever been lost by troops acting under my command." (Despatches.) He captured about 3000.' [Rowe and Webb.]

p. 84. **Duty's iron crown**: Napoleon had been crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy in 1805 at Milan.

p. 85. **Confused by brainless mobs**: alluding to recent revolutions in France and other countries.

lothful overtrust: 'In February 1852, the bill for the organization of the militia, which was prompted by fears of Napoleon III., was rejected by the Commons. Tennyson felt strongly on this point ; witness his three stirring lyrics published in the *Examiner* early in the same year. These were "Britons, guard your own," "Third of February, 1852," "Hands all round." [Rowe and Webb.]

p. 86. **the brave of other lands**: seven foreign armies were represented at the funeral ; those of Brunswick, Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, The Netherlands, and Hanover.

Lavish Honour: Wellington's titles read above his coffin by the Garter Principal at Arms occupy 37 lines in the *Annual Register* of 1852.

affluent Fortune: after Talavera, 1809, Wellington was granted £2000 a year for three years: in 1812, after Ciudad Rodrigo, a further pension of £2000 a year; in 1813 he received £7000 a year as Field Marshal, in addition to the £5000 a year he was receiving as Commander in the Field; in 1814 a gift of £500,000 was bestowed, and in 1815 another of £200,000. The goddess Fortune was generally represented with a cornucopia or horn of plenty.

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